OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Broken Things.

BY GEO. BANCROFF GRIFFITH.

The grain must be crushed err man is fed,
Plants must be bruised to restore his health;
From a wasted barrel and empty cruse
The prophet restored the widow's wealth.
'Twas by broken pitchers that Gideon won,
On the vessel's broken pieces, Paul
And his friends were saved, and even Christ
By his broken life has ransomed all!
By the broken bodies of saints the truth
Was made to triumph, and glorious, too,
Was the broken box—Earth's broken hopes
May bring Heaven's joy and our crown in view,
And precious in God's sight appear
The broken things that grieved us here.

Dear Editor:—I will write or try to write a story. My story is called The Flood:

God destroyed the world because the people in it were so wicked. God said unto Noah, make an Ark of gopher wood and make rooms in it. Make it 30 cubits high, 300 cubits long, 30 cubits wide. And thou shalt go in with thy wife and thy sons and their wives and 2 of every beast and fowl and every thing that creepeth upon the earth male and female. And Noah did all the Lord commanded him. In the 600th year of Noah's life the second month the seventeenth day, Noah and all that were with him went in the Ark and God shut them in. And the windows of heaven were opened and the flood was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. Once Noah sent a dove out, but it came back for it could find no place to rest and Noah took it in. In a short time he sent it out again and it returned with an olive leaf in its bill, then Noah knew that the tree tops were above the water. The next time he sent the dove out it did not return. And in the 601st year of Noah's age first month, first day of the month Noah lifted the covering of the Ark and the ground was dried up. Noah and all that were with him came out of the Ark. Noah made a sacrifice to God. Excuse bad writing. I must close.

GRACE E. HORNE.

Columbus, O.

Dear Editor:—I have been thinking of writing for the EVANGELIST, for a long time. I have five sisters and two brothers. My father, mother and oldest sister are members of the Brethren church. I attend the Methodist Sabbath School, as we have no Brethren church nor S. S. here. We are having vacation. Our school is out. We all go to school excepting the three least ones. Well, I will close. I will try and do better next time.

OLLIE G. STUMP.

Davenport, Neb.

Dear Editor:—As I do not see much in the paper from this place, I thought I would write a few lines. I like to see the paper filled up and I think there should more of the sisters write. Surely there can more of you write; and the Children's Column has not been crowded this while. I love to read the children's letters as well as the others. We have preaching at Vinco, Pike, Baker's Furnace, Stutzman's school house and Benshoff hill every three weeks. Bro. Smouse is our pastor and we like him very much as a pastor. I had the pleasure of meeting Bro. E. L. Hilderbrand, graduate of Ashland College and also Sister Mary Sterling of Masontown. As this is my first attempt I will close hoping to hear from some of the rest.

Yours truly,

MOLLIE BENSHOFF.

Johnstown, Pa. July 14, 1887.

Dear Editor:—As John Duke McFaden wants to see which one of us can write the best letters in the month of July, I thought that I would try and write one. I will take as my subject, The Goodness of God. We cannot look at any thing but what tells us that God is good and great. In the first place we ought to thank him for all these good things that he has placed here for our benefit and enjoyment. There is not a spear of grass but what tells us that God is good. When we walk over the prairie after the cattle, and see so many flowers painted in all their beauty they tell us that God is love. Take one of those beautiful flowers and examine it, and see how beautiful it was formed. The Bible tells us that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Even the fruit that waves on the trees, tells us that God is good and even the little birds warble forth their praise. The oceans, seas, rivers, lakes and streams show his praise. And God so loved us that he sent his only Son to suffer and die for our sins. We should thank him for the Bible which tells us all these things. The Bible tells us how God loves his people from the creation down to the present time. God don't only send blessings upon the just but also on the unjust.

Your friend,

LOUIS S. BAUMAN.

South Haven, Kans., July 21, 1887.

Dear Editor:—I write my second Bible letter about Elijah. He was a prophet under the reign of King Ahab B. C. 908 years. He was a native of Tishbek in Gilead. Nothing is said of his parent's and early life. There was a great drouth in the land of Israel for the space of three years and six months. There would not any rain fall until Elijah would pray for it. As this would cause Ahab to be angry at Elijah when he learned what God intended to do. God said Elijah should flee to the wilderness by the brook Cherith. God promised to feed and protect him so God sent ravens to carry him bread and flesh in the morning and evening, and he was to drink water from the brook. But the drouth caused the brook to dry up. Then the Lord told him to go to the city of Zarephath in a heathen country. There God commanded a widow woman to feed him. Here Elijah performed a great miracle by increasing her barrel of meal and cruse of oil so it failed not, but God did it through Elijah. I will conclude this in another letter.

JASON A. G. STIFLER.

Dear Editor:—As I have never written for the EVANGELIST, I thought I would write a letter too. We live seven miles from the Fair Haven church, and don't get to Sunday School very often for it is too hot to go so far. Mrs. Della Martin is my S. S. teacher. I like her real well. It is very dry here and harvest is about past. I will close by asking and answering a question: Who was the father of Abraham? I will answer Sadie Leslee's question, Who baptized our Savior? John the baptist.

PEARL LINDSEY,

Congress, O.

Dear Editor:—It has been sometime since I have written for the EVANGELIST, and I notice there are no letters hardly in the Children's Column, as I love so well to read the letters. I thought I would write today and let our dear editor know I have not forgotten to write for our column. Pa and ma went to church today to hear Mr. Smouse preach. He is their preacher here every three weeks and he preached at Blacklick this afternoon. The weather is very warm and dry here these few weeks. The farmers are all busy cutting their grain and hay. I have lots of yard flowers and they are all in bloom. They look nice and smell sweet. My see pikey bed is just lovely. It is both red, white and yellow and spoted full in the morning. Pa went out in the woods to hunt a couple of bee trees. He found two and so we will have honey to eat this winter. If you was here dear editor when he cuts them he would share a piece of honey with you. I have one brother and one dear little sister not two years old yet and she likes candy and berries and often gets them. I went to the M. E. Sunday School and to church this afternoon. It rained a shower yesterday evening and a little shower this evening, but it is very warm yet. Well, dear editor I think I must draw my letter to a close for this time for fear I will weary your patience, reading it. Good by dear editor,

SARAH RESSLER.

Clemers Hill, Pa.

Dear Editor:—Once more I will take the floor to help keep up the interest in the Children's Column. Come boys we are going to be the men to run the country by and by, and now is the time to lay our foundation. Let us make our pencils fly while we have so kind an editor as to publish our letters. We are wide awake down here in this land of sunshine. Our five months term of school will close the last of this month. I have received twenty church member's hand books to sell for the Brethren tract society. The county S. S. convention will be held at Claremont, Va. the 4th of Aug. I expect to speak a temperance speech. I am ten years old. I have promised my parents never to use tobacco nor take strong drinks. I have a patch of corn and melons. I want to make a few dimes for the mission fund. What was the second miracle that Christ did?

O. F. RITTENHOUSE.

Spring Grove, Va., July 17 1887.

Dear Editor:—J. D. McFaden asked us to write letters this month on Bible subjects. I will try my talent taking Joseph for my subject. He was the son of Jacob. Israel loved Joseph because he was the son of his old age. He made him a coat of many colors as a token of his love. His brethren hated him and would not speak to him peaceably. Joseph dreamed some dreams which he related to his Brethren. This only increased their hatred toward him. They stripped him of his coat of many colors. Cast him in a pit or cistern and afterward sold him to acompany of Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver. Fifteen dollars for us. He was taken into Egypt and sold to Potiphar captain of the kings guard and he became Potiphar's slave. Now we will follow Reuben back to the pit as he came up to help him out he finds him gone. He rent his clothes as a sign of grief. The wicked brethren killed a kid and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood and carried it to his father to deceive him. Telling him some beast had torn him up and that they had found the coat. Jacob knew the coat and was exceedingly sorrowful. In time Joseph became a great man in Egypt, and in Canaan, there was a great famine. Jacob sends his sons into Egypt to buy corn as they had plenty there owing to Joseph's great knowledge in laying up in times of plenty. Here Joseph makes himself known to his brethren as they knew him not. After learning that his father was still alive he sent for him. The message was, Joseph is still alive and ruler over Egypt, and wants you to come to him. Now when Israel had embraced his dear son once more he was ready for death.

Now my little friends let us learn form this lesson to banish envy form our hearts and cultivate a spirit of love. Also to prepare in this life for death. Right now is the time to begin.

LAURA RITTENHOUSE.

Spring Grove, Va.

If you want your love to God to run smooth have the channel full. You can have enough to float your whole business, though you be heavily freighted with responsibilities.

OUR DEAD.

Emma Blythe, infant daughter of J. F. and Amanda Penrod departed this life July 6th. 1887, at 10 a. m., aged 2 months and 27 days. Hymn sang before leaving the house. No. 61, Gospel Hymns. Before sermon, hymn No. 591, Brethren hymn book, omitting 1st and 4th verses. At the close, No. 578 was sang. At the grave, No. 602. Scripture selected by the parents to be read, Mark 10:13, 16. Funeral discourse delivered from 1st John 3:2. The parents of the deceased live in this city, (Beatrice, Neb.,) but the funeral discourse was delivered in the G. B's. meeting house, some 6 or 7 miles north of this town. The deceased was a granddaughter of Eld. Jacob Kelso. who is still living, but its grandma, sister Kelso, has preceded it to the other shore. God bless the parents and friends. The darling Emma Blythe is not lost, but gone before. Funeral discourse by the writer.

JNO. NICHOLSON.

HARMON.—Departed this life May 20th, 1887, aged 41 years, 7 months and 13 days. Sister Lizzie Harmon. She fell asleep in Jesus in the triumphs of a living faith. She was a consistent member of the Brethren church over 27 years. She espoused the Good Cause at the age of about 15 years. Her affliction was of short duration. She left a husband and nine children, two of which were only about three weeks old, at the time of her departure. She selected the hymns to be sung and the text for her funeral sermon, 2nd Corinthians 5:6. which was improved by the writer (at her request) in the Cowenshannoc meeting house on the 10th day of July, 1887, in the presence of a large circle of relatives and a large and attentive congregation of sympathizing friends The little, motherless, "Twin Babies," were present, and many of the congregation showed their respect and sympathy for them. May the God of all grace sanctify this sad bereavement to the good of all, and especially to the conversion of the members of this dear family who have not yet given their lives to the service of God, and may all be eventually saved and constitute an unbroken family in heaven where suffering, sorrow and death cannot enter, and may we all live so that when death comes, we may be able, as our sister, to say that we are going to Jesus.

Blanco, Pa., July 19th, 1887. J. B. WAMPLER.